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# Book of Tav Kerr

*Greg Norton*

2003

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## Plateaus

1997

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To you, as to me,  
these things relate somehow,  
bearing resemblance one to another...

I know, firmly and completely,  
the tones of my own scale...  
the rhyme, and the meter,  
and so may I say without regret  
that *you*, lovely, sing a song of eloquence

that should not fade  
with the passage of time.

Finding yourself is a unique endeavor,  
yet its ultimate, practical meaning  
is at last obscured  
by the joy you find there.

...and so in deciding how to live,  
each man wonders,  
when content, and knowing well  
his present realities,

"How can I be of use to someone  
besides myself?"

"...and in this world live freely,  
functionally,  
and with result and impact...

*according to my own unique vision?"*

Time allows me to share with you  
these things,  
words forming thought,  
from me to you.

I see how you wonder endlessly,  
and seek to relieve your quest.

I would help,  
by confirming within you  
those things which seem  
to require telling  
to take on a secure place  
within your psyche.

...For you I live now,

and all that I know,  
I will tell.

Re-inventing the ideas  
of my family tree,  
I travel forward,  
and stopping now,  
review myself.

Lost thought stares at me  
through a mist of years.

Toward the goal of freedom I march,  
this changing persona melding itself  
within a real mixture of ideas.

Overall review produces  
a regret of time passed

without significant accomplishment.

*What defining relationships  
have I established  
in my journey from darkness to light?*

Beauty, as perceived thru the senses,  
is not only inherent to this life,  
but is also an intrinsic part  
of my every significant accomplishment.

I tell you this  
so that you can see...  
how and why,  
I believe.

Somewhere, somehow,  
I know that you will bring  
a confirming reality from within *yourself*,

one which lends support  
to your every day,  
and becomes an extension, therefore,  
of your life.

How crude this portrayal,  
and how narrow the pages  
upon which these words  
are arrayed.

Yet somehow, I have *peace* within,  
for I feel that I have provided  
encouragement,  
simple love.

Can there be any respite from  
my responsibilities to  
mind, matter,  
and the continually needful

expressions of man?

*I say, slow down!*  
For a knowing, thoughtful,  
creative gesture,  
like flowing into a comfortable chair,  
can free the soul,  
restoring peace to chaos,  
gifting insight to confusion,  
bringing wholeness to deformity.

Are you moving too fast?  
Then, *slow down.*

Sometimes, you can see *over* life.  
You stand joined, then,  
to a plateau of thought,  
previously unknown.

And, noting the presence  
of *all* these worlds,  
here among the shadows  
or in the finest clarity,  
you carry with you the  
memory of this thought,  
and others will see  
that you remain unmoved and placid...  
observing, absorbing,  
consuming the visions of life  
without concern.

How free is your mind!  
And how light your vision...  
You, who remain placid,  
and without concern.  
Finding simplicity and beauty within,

you are as complete,  
and as whole,  
as any thoughtful soul.

However, I feel a sadness,  
for I know the weight  
I have placed upon you,  
and I sense your need for freedom.

But how can we live *together*,  
our separate concerns finding harmony,  
and fulfillment?

*This rolling, changing life!*  
So often jagged and imperfect,  
it seems to be a rough, difficult path...  
But re-made inwardly,  
and full of vision,  
you find your voice, resounding,  
*truelly living*,  
at the heart of your being.

Never before seen  
are the thoughts you bring into the world.  
How joyous this process...  
this lifting of the darkness  
from around you,  
mind expanding...  
joining with a larger world of ideas.

*This revolving universe  
displays itself before you,  
and truely when, how, why,  
remains a human mystery.*

Dark and forbidden  
are the ways of meanness.  
Love, on the other hand,  
an appreciation of innocence,  
of humility,

of the one who *tries*,  
is not suppressed,  
but is free to take part  
in the ways of life,  
on any level.

I know how you must feel,  
you whose time has been short,  
and whose love has not yet  
realised itself completely.  
This I know, because I, too,  
am rife with limitations,  
and in life, often reluctant to give, or to try.  
For the wants, and the needs, of my spirit  
transcend the physical,  
and effort produces  
only imperfection.

Today, as always,  
I remain unmoved, placid,  
but with resolve for change.  
For life, to me, is like a lake,  
divided by a peninsula,  
    always the water  
    pressuring the land  
    into submission.

Is this vision a premonition,  
    or a phantom?  
    Flowing from within,  
    or interposed from without?

This charge I am given,  
    daily, for you,  
is one of learning, not of kindness,  
    or fullness,  
but the imparting of a knowledge,  
    and freedom.  
For my state of mind,  
    today, always,  
is one of multiplicity,

of necessity,  
and I am full of knowledge.

You who have so much to give  
through me find

righteousness and harmony.

Without love are your ways,  
I would change this.

Without peace is your life,  
I would change this.

I would filter myself through your eyes...  
thoughtful, resourceful, are my ways.

You can see me here,  
for I am now  
the light of your soul.

Have you been over  
and over,

and over  
the landscapes of your mind?

Tripping every memory,  
and finding a rough idea  
of who you might be,  
and of how your world,  
which you, and yours, know by heart,  
may just be larger,  
perhaps more real,  
perhaps more famous, and far reaching,  
than you can see, or possibly know?

Just how many individual lives  
do you daily touch?  
Can you know?

I say that all these living worlds  
really *sing*, and together  
display their champion hearts  
in holy concert,  
a human choir stretching

from east to west.  
This I say.

Reflecting upon the past,  
I find imperfection  
and sorrow in my life.

Now, joy leaps into being  
with the comfort of womankind,  
and a poetic union.

Half of us look inward,  
or seek the eternal.

And as we all move, so do we seek life,  
and one special love.

*You may find yourself here, one day,  
and live your life*

*awakened, rewarded, and fulfilled.*

However warm or somber  
life may sing it's varied, individual songs,  
wholesome and beneficial  
or distracted and malformed,  
neither world retains  
an inescapable aura.

For though the paths we choose  
are wholly our own,  
known to but a few are our sacred hearts,  
our essential selves.

This world, with it's misgivings, fears,  
cravings, and transgressions  
seems like a battlefield  
that stretches out

in all directions,  
but just as waves crash relentlessly today,  
so tomorrow will they quietly fade  
into stillness.

*That which I perceive,  
and what I know to be,  
are often somehow separate things.*

How, in fact, can I perceive  
a true reality  
within these flowing, morphing senses?  
How can I sift through  
the progressive pictures and meanings  
of the mind,  
and decide for myself  
the honorably right choices  
in this clearly changing world?

I do firmly state  
that there is a solid earth  
beneath the feet of man,  
and that really the challenge of life  
lies in finding this place:

*Here I talk of you and me,  
for as brothers and sisters,  
we are challenged together  
in this world, I think,  
to link our souls  
in righteous understanding,  
every illusion notwithstanding.*

In life, plateaus form now and then,  
far reaching patterns  
of intricacy and resourcefulness.

Sensing, throughout,  
potential forming thought,  
thought that in turn  
forms potential,  
and the exquisite birds  
of color, contrast, and beauty  
that can be found within,  
*I, too, encourage the exploration  
of height, depth,  
width and breadth.*

Find, now, I say,  
the dimensions of your life,  
and build therein a tower,  
a complement to your vision,  
from which to command,  
    to survey,  
    to feel,  
and within which to love and cherish  
the desires of your heart.

How far you have come!  
And what worlds you have perceived!  
Wrapped in experience,  
and rich in thought,  
you have feasted on vision and discovery.

Now, as time unfolds,  
forthright and generous are your  
expressions.

I sense your depth of mind,  
and know that you find  
order and harmony within.

Supplicating yourself continually,  
you knowingly afford to me your very self,  
which, born of struggle and perseverance,  
is a real allegory  
of a completed journey.

Hopefully approaching each new day,  
like the sun itself  
you bring warmth and renewal.  
Together we'll know the music of life  
as we stealthily move through time,  
our lives a thoughtful enterprise  
into the dimly lit future.

Knowing you now as I do,  
and having your company  
to enliven my being,  
I will treasure your life as you do yourself.  
Beginning again and again,  
we'll live our lives, here in this world,  
and, God willing, in the one to come.

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## Techniques

2002

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# **A New Day**

Good morning, world!

Sun climb!

Clouds soar!

Heaven sent,  
a new day is a glorious celebration  
of new life,  
new dreams,  
new projects,  
promises,  
and fulfillments.

Finding days end is, for myself,  
like winding down a narrow path,  
rays of light darting thru the branches.

Animals, birds and crickets

sing of life's joy.

Freedom is immense,  
when you get around to it.

The world turns,  
the fishes swim,  
the leaves turn,  
the children play.

May men rejoice  
in the lives they possess,  
enjoy sobriety,  
and equanimity,  
and dwell in peace,  
upon Gods green Earth.

Peace.

# Beginnings

Love, hope, endeavor, quietude...

Work, play.... solitude...

The gifts we give one another, the crafts of heart, and hands....

Time tells no secrets. This I say. Yet any given man or woman may look far into the distant past, and divine the *future*.

Future, to me, anyway, is a construct of man, based upon the simple, basic forms outlined amongst the lessons of history. We, collectively, form the whole. The Mind, itself leads some astray. Yet from within the mind of any accurate artist may emerge genuine Truths.

Man, woman, mind, child... Earth, sky... season... evolution... it's no wonder the elements are in tune. They simply are.

And what of love? Love is this feeling... the binding of hearts, in mystical oneness. Surely, such finds its restful place, where

time slows, depth is found, and silence...  
space... room to breathe.

Ahh, blessed silence, freedom from activity, or inequality... just *being*, peaceful, the immense expanses of ocean depth. Illuminated, seeing far into all directions... Enlightened, to mystery, and bliss, one arise amongst currents, and return safely to shore above.

Foot stepping upon dock, and shore, one find path toward comfort of home, unpack, relax. Kitchen, rest, feed the animals, coffee, shower, eat, drink... this, that. The bed.

Dreams always return home, safe and sound.

Morning, time to meditate, sift thru the meanings of time passed unawake, coffee,

outing to store... this or that, such life is rich in midst of the ordinary.

Knowing, being... seeing...the gifts we give one another, to confirm our own humanity.

From such as these arise youth, age, wisdom... the given upward flow of the flower we call life, and new growth.

One see always, one self well. Setting forth upon a touch, a carress, one know also a point far distant, and shape, all along, style which forms substance of man or womans existance.

Having a craft, a gift, a discipline... such is sweet reward, indeed, for such live on, far beyond the turning of the last page.

To shape the future, one *must* be grounded in the past.

To remember the past, such is the perfect gift we give ourselves, and those yet to be born.

## **Changes of Season**

When one sets about to write from his or her own heart, many, many paths and or directions may be taken.

Frequently, one will look back in amazement upon the words which have formed themselves, seemingly of their own accord.

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What does time have to say about the features of the present?

Can anyone know?

Perhaps we'll all look back, and say, well,  
this, or that surely saved the day.

Perhaps not.

But where I always go wrong is in ascribing  
portent or portion to any given day, when  
things come to Spirit, or chance.

This type, or kind of thing always flow of its  
own accord, seeming not to be bound by  
the will or ways of men and women.

In fact, such is much like the wind itself,  
fluid, flexive, ever changing, never ceasing.

So now you know I as well.

Calendars contains planting and harvesting signs, and phases of the Moon, but  
neither of these contain much signs of Spirit, as such. Such is foreign to man's  
realm, inherently, so not of or by mans rules, or means.

Seasonal changes hold appeal, for most,  
and it seems that they allow themselves to  
be set at definite times, such as the longest,  
or shortest days of the year.

People sometimes hold meetings on these  
dates, wanting to think that the energies  
might be better upon such.

But really, as the wind itself has no fixed

points, so I tend to think spiritual areas  
really don't either.

So, no great dramatic change-ups upon the  
cycle, nor flow, like that.

Not at that level, anyway.

People shouldn't dream too heavily in that  
area, either,

for such is generally unproductive for the  
whole.

This how I can see I, in time.

Neither here, nor there.

And if this is how I like to be remembered,  
then so be it.

That is nice, for I as well.

For it definitely free up my inner space for  
more free-form maneuverings, in general.

So now I know Life, Time, and All.

# Charge

Time tells no secrets,  
yet from within the mind  
of any accurate artist  
may emerge genuine truths.

Lovers, binding hearts  
amongst one another,  
free flowing conceptualisation and  
imagery,  
temporal communion...  
is along such paths that truth...  
understanding may be commuted.  
Here, then, are two questions:  
Art, and process...  
with their universal inter-relevance,  
and Ghost, afore all time, benefit,  
direct, mens and womens  
along current relevant pathworks.

So there you have, Ghost in man...

with this Spirit Eternal, all knowing...  
the ancient, the elemental, the  
unknowable...  
the *immaculate*.

*One work with, by, along, paths of Spirit,  
turning within, amongst, along  
righteousness for the Good,  
or dive, over time out of life.*

## **Complex Illusion**

Having returned soundly to ones own land, much learning of the present can be gained. For to have an honest experience is to know divinity, but to know illusion, such is God. The world is just as complex as it wants to be. Period.

**This which the one holds to be true, the  
other knows to be false.**

So, to be strictly true, the only binders of mens and womens lives are deep complex synchrony... and the unknown. The ways things turn, like marbles upon a tabletop. Such meanings may be opposite, dissimilar, distant... never that which is thought of.

So everything has a shadow, a time of its own. Meanings are generally particular to individual, not shared across space and time. There is no greater understanding that can be found.

The common feeling that one gets from ones surroundings is generally oneness. But it should never be thought that the one can peer into the others world.

Now some say ghosts are real, as the living are. How could this be? Have we eyes to look into another land, to peer into the afterlife? No. But, 'tis true enough, folklore holds that presences can sometimes be felt, or sensed.

Current fashion finds channelling of spirits to be a pop culture fad, and such may hold meaning for some. But I myself do not find that such fits with established truths. Perhaps, the rules of God are different from the rules of Man. But anyone should maintain interest in the material far above that which cannot be seen. Period.

You cannot neglect the present for the past, or anything like that. Such leads to bad disarray.

Reside with truth, as has been found already. Know time to be meanings, also, resonances, so just be sure of this... the

living are the present... not the 'dead.'

Friends, enemies, lovers, life... such is freedom, immaculate and immense. Now know, and go to try another day.

## **Dancing Meditation**

What does it mean, then,  
to 'write from the heart?'

Well such a thing might start  
with a question much like the previous one.

To draw upon a current understanding,  
speaking only from one's own experiences,  
and knowledges...  
this is truest reward.

Well, so here I sit, fingers meshed  
into my keyboard, safe and sound  
to the world outside.

This is what it's like, to write.  
Such is unity, from within. Dancing  
meditation.

Being aware of every minute symbol  
placed upon the page, mindfully directing  
ones own self from within...  
can't get over it, it just feels good.

So, then, where do one go but up?

~

Upon Mars... what is there but fire, and  
ice? Surely, it could be thought that such  
extremes might once be reconciled  
amongst a more temperate feel.

And what would it feel like, when green,  
and vibrant, full of life?

Might there someday be a mossy vegetat  
crawling from pole to pole? A growth  
decay cycle shaped by winds of time, into  
blue-print, sparkling streams, and morning  
showers?

And what specie would thrive most  
fluently? Insects? Rabbits? Cattle? Pigs?  
Humans?

Birds? Fish?

Amphibians? Reptiles?

And, as growth go, starting with a clean  
slate in general may produce a less viruile  
atmosphere.

Just think of the aeons of mutation which

could be simply left behind upon the Earth.

And to begin with, an ark of a sort...  
perhaps capable of orbital life sustanance  
for years.

Sending crews upon surface, perhaps with soil moving equipment for lake building...discerning best climates within which to exist... constructing stable eco-spheres for large numbers to live within as community... off-planet engineering allowing work only to be done upon surface... ongoing farming practices within enclosures, allowing early on the brilliance of un-refracted sunlight to drive the most efficient processes... surely would be water distilling.

So it could really go, for men and women. With high interest in Mars at present, much concept divining could be gained along the way, finding room for life and growth, vision, and change... out upon a far distant sphere.

With program ordinated around Mars much as thrust of 1960s were to Moon, steady progress is made when perhaps aluminum transports, people movers, parts and parts, across the board... capacitors, resitors, chips, bars, poles. Nuts, bolts, switches, displays, keyboards, drills, hammers, saws, presses, manuals. Parts and spare parts, across the board. Very, very large vehicle to fill and send out upon four to ten year mission, smaller transports, perhaps, for getting things and people to surface, laundries, space suits, cleaning gear and extra gear... appears planning center would occupy the whole of Earth's own Moon.

And of multi-national expidition(s)? Such time would, or will tell.

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So you see, interest is found all around and about, do one speak from heart.

You be surprised what insight can come,  
along the way.

Never be afraid of collaboration. People have dreampt that the very air space between them is populated by erroneous concepts, but as co-operation is engendered, so is breadth and scale, checks and balances, increased.

Sit and sit, and not much get done.

Try not, and who have you but yourself to blame.

Fin.

## **Ethos**

Now. To know a mind for telling the truth, this is a much. Surely it could be said that not all of us are artists, writers, musicians. This why, alway important to remember to respect the boundaries of populist visions. These inherently flow from the ground up, so to call low high in time is to contain much of life, inherently. We know life to be immense, across the board.

This why the ground is just as important as

the sky. This, too lets things breathe easily. Tis true, plants absorb carbon dioxide, for instance, but they give off oxygen. This has been shown.

To know how to treat artists, this is as much, as well. These grow with years, to find their words not so much from popular visions of art, but from social concerns, such as truth, scholarship, ensuring peace is maintained upon streets, community activism, or any given work fashion which allows diversion from said mission, or vision.

If you want to be an artist, you should jump right in. So, like this, you will have this or that experience or time to reference, or draw forth from in discerning your own truths.

Some call art loose, or light. Know, tho, from myself, that artists lives can be complex, dynamic.

Now do thee like art from life, Spanish art is thought to contain much of experience. Keen on illustrating life, in general. Northern European artists were at times thought Naturalistic. French thought to like manners, Romanticism, and Italians grew fertile art climate, in general. These are but four examples, cultural signposts, thought by I to be, in places.

American art has always sparkled with the newness of morning.

Traditional artistry in places can be immense in style, craft, workmanship, resonance, beauty.

To look at Eskimo art, and find Eskimo whale bone carving to be much is fine. This contain so much magic, meaning, depth, that I find me reluctant to admit here. Such freely dance, interplay amongst myth, morph, change and utility. Such is love for you, time dances, the faces of men, and culture.

Religions of the world early on shape arts of their *own* culture. Here, I'd imagine the East, in particular, beyond, above else. Such are ancient, to be sure, but carefully disciplined aesthetics, finely honed over generations. Such is a Krishna statue to you or I, but to another, an sacred temple divinity. Such is life, in general. Christian iconography is equal in meaning, depth, resonance, richness and grandeur. Such can be a niche in a cathedral.

But a cathedral! Such word bears capitalisation, having seen some of grandest up close. Imagine a silence that stills the mind, the meanings of such.

Arts and crafts, for pupils and students, workers and servants of society are where much reside. Finding allegory within, all thru deep minds, in general, unknown artists dream dreams which too, trickle up and down. Children learn thru older siblings, peers, who often fashion works with them in mind.

Call it incredible, but my own work was throughout done with primary intent of shedding older light on younger people, easing passages across time, swifting along gracefully.

This good 'mission,' as most say, but find more probable place within order of English teacher, or vocabulary enrichment, in other words, that which can be said, within reason, logic. Key meanings such as life, time, Spirit, the within, suchness... eyes tend to grace them with such, inherently. Pays to weild ones wealth gracefully, truth right straight thru. Process, form and proper. Equity, peace, oneness, and bliss. Such is good ground for writing session.

Mind is real, to be sure, so say what you feel, but never take up space without saying anything. Be it art, life, freedom in general, music, work time, play... have a say, or fall aside, ignored.

What really is mind, if not a testing ground... a grand illusion. Sense of oneness, place, this is a given, but illusion,

never fall astray this way.

Oh, could I ever find telepathy, whispers in the night. But don't let appearances deceive, ever. This is rule, for always are caring hands within reach.

Logic, rules, governances... mind-body relationship, in general... such what the words are about, herein. Habits, too, are real. Moderation in all good things really is the key to life. This important to remember.

Liking simple art, such lives within as peace. This good style. Large visions, this good for peace, for orchestra, or thru great skill, but maybe tends too much for one, who yet has time with being 'all that.' So mind time, be true, and find all in simplicity.

Primacy may be found in early crafty endeavors, but later skills lend toward focus, to homing in on simple truths, conversely breadth, or scope. This is 'full fledged,' too, so come away from writing gracefully, with tact, and style.

What else will the bright evening reveal?  
And from where will I draw sustenance?  
Such is time, full fledged, or else, so one does from the heart. Such life is rich in midst of the ordinary. Peace.

# Friend

Lovers relate immaculate truths  
in spheres undefined.

Knowledge is where you find it.

No other truth need be spoke.

Time only is immense.

Universe is sky.

Where, ever do these words flow from?

Perhaps the heavens.

Perhaps below.

I don't really know.

Frankly, such isn't seen herein  
just from where.

Firstly, love need be taken  
in small portions.

This keeps things straight.

If you know I, then who'm I to complain?

Friend, enemy, love, life...  
all the same.

So it goes.

On and on.

Friday, the eagle flies.

Sunday, the church begins.

Freedom is immense.

So is love, for that matter.

So, however far one travel,  
he or she will always return home,  
safe and sound.

## Good Humor

Now, what do I know? From my heart?  
Well, we all are one. There is but one Man.

What is a picture? A picture is an image, a visual representation, intended to convey an emotion or a meaning. One can capture the face of another in paint, or upon photographic film.

An older woman. What does she hold for a young man? Well, much. For there are years, many, many days spent leaning, changing, growing, across time.

Find free to be correspondence between an older person and a younger, for the older one is likely to be far more mature, and hence sheds his or her light downward upon the youth, and both grow.

When a young mind wants to gravitate back around into the present, he or she can look into the past. For it really helps to know what the past has shown, of one or another, so to know from where to begin.

**Now, what, friend, do you say we survive the present, get beyond suffering, and get us back into existance, the lives we share?**

Love lives within, without and all thru. Else, we come unglued of sundry things.  
Now I know all. All is done, by me, for the best, so to try, surely yeild reward, gift. Now time, freedom, immense, gravity, present. Good. Now you know you, too, as well, so this too, is good.

One, two, three, four, such is time. (Note the progression in linear fashion.) Now God, too is real person. God might be you, or I, in time, do we assume such shape. And for you, who too, is man, there may be found reward yet. So, life, yes, life is real as well, across board. And what future hold, for we, well, time will tell.

**Knowledge is immense, when you get around to it. For to learn well, such can require rote memorisation, or study.**

The way so much of the present is, tho, for readers, is like scanning, searching, or questing for a specific understanding, for to lead oneself unto it. Period.

This way lives are kept straight. What are libraries, if not place for learning. Period.

Now, All, this is right, by me, to call One, in time.

So with hope and trust in the future, I bring this writing to a close.

## **Growing Pains**

And what, then, of 'world ethos'?

World ethos can be found in no certain place, in general. One gets feel for some 'flow,' emergent of sound machinery, in Galactic spheres.

Such is seen to be dream world, illusion.  
At best, a temporary aura, which changes  
with moment.

You can turn a television off, away from  
war, and death. Turning your inner self off  
can be trickier.

Hard times leave bruises, memories.

These linger a while, and fade. Some scars  
can last a lifetime, and need  
understanding, and compassion.

Knock upon the door of a house in  
anytown, Earth, and enter.

One finds all the things, period. Any and  
all.

Romance, argument, study, dinner, breakfast, sweep, clean... watch, listen...  
dream... these, each and every minute coloration of wardrobe selection, forays  
to market for this treat or energy boost, or ingredient... these, one and all, are

lives, on and on, day to day vital existance.

Life force, in general, is only diminished by physical suffering. People everywhere are faced with complex struggles and cruxes inherently, and seem, in time, gifted of both work, and play, relaxation and sleep. Most of us give these things unto ourselves, blessed as we are with life.

**Unemployment, for those accustomed to work, can be seen as 'system shock,' or major setback, crisis.**

**A single parent, living out of her car with two kids in tow, finds little time for 'personal enrichment.'**

**A Dad, with no job, home with his thoughts alone, sees alcohol as escape, or change. So meager accounts are diminished, college funds tapped into.**

**Very young minds see ailments everywhere, casting down others for their hard earned possessions.**

**Materialistic society, to him or her, is 'capitalist disorder, excess.'**

But these are the fibers from which genuine wisdom may take shape, in time.

Life is hard. Gain is accomplished by positive endeavor, and not by complaining.

Showing forth your own self, as strong self-actualised individual with good things to say, a direction... *forwards*, for such own self pursuit, and benefit. Aims and goals, beliefs, principles. An honest grounding within 'greater whole,' as acceptable, or integral component of ones own group, a local, regional, a national system... *here* is a good place to begin, to grow, and to achieve.

Is it true, what is said, 'without going out of your doorway, much can be found?'

Your culture is your home. Find yourself,

in time, both shaper, and shaped of those around and about.

Simplicity and economy are formed of every little thing, *they are all for and by yourself*. You can't impose your beliefs upon others. Period. You learn this as you get older, and settle into your own 'comfort zone,' say, your favorite reading chair, for instance, or your desk, or art bench. Such is life.

When I myself started really seeing depth in things, in general, I went towards folk music, and artistic visionary reading materials.

Such as this eventually led me around to seeing Mother Earth as wanting or needing 'taken care of,' by myself.

I was riding upon the crest of my vanishing

childhood, and coming to crash lazily upon the shore.

The 'shore,' in my case, was, just that. Myself.

Facing myself, and the questions of my existance, in time, I came to just want to have a say, to contribute, to play a part, however small.

With just a little self confidence, in a while, I found that I, too, could give service, could 'lend a hand,' for what good might eventually come to be. This was, and still is, my vision.

So here. What you can find, you can keep for your use. I've got more than enough, for just myself. See, how I end up helping myself, by this way? You can get a sense of how a more mature person thinks, like this. He or she only want to help you, do you want to help yourself?

**Heart**

Gifted of the Good,  
many things are possible.

Love all, thirst not for firm guides,  
but lean instead to the arms  
of your one true love,  
herself like the Cosmos,  
whose heart you find in peace.

Fine peace flows from her eyes,  
as her peace is immaculate.

Find yourself to be  
both giver and taker,  
receiver and gift of those about.

Fashioning yourself along true forms,  
over time find the image of God.

This how I know art.  
Art is true,

lest one be led astray.

Time itself tells no secrets.  
This I know.

Text, the written word,  
shelters some from disgrace,  
others from dislike.

So, next time you fall,  
blame not upon the cosmos,  
but only yourself,  
gifted as you are of the New.

## **Heroes**

Would one raise a healthy, well adjusted  
child, best not to shelter him or her from

the world *too* much.

Because young, do, in time enter such as life, and find what it has to show, throughout.

First rule of life, upon opening the door, in my opinion: 'Know thyself.'

Then one may know another, in time to give ones gifts gracefully.

And what of heroes?

Well, this what young minds look up to, older, too, in time, and thru such find ourselves led along paths we choose.

Heroes, too, found themselves firstly, I know, for to in time have a say, and the greatest gift, to give unto another.

This so important to remember.

But do another prove, in a sense, their mettle, or worth unto such as I, as young man, look upon such as guide, or gift, for I, myself.

This can be how such as even adult as I, tho young, give myself a life, a boost in general.

For to know another with a heart for honesty, individuality, or speaking the truth, such do, indeed, give good feelings all around.

This how life is sound, throughout.

At best, kids know right and wrong of parents disciplinary treatments, the eyes parents generally have in back of their heads... all thought well, in general.

Bible lessons, right and wrong, (such as always tell the truth, having a conscience,) early grade teachers, principles, peers.

Coaches, leaders, all find worth and value not only within honesty, truthfulness, fitting in, but also, spirit of individuality, and leadership, being willing to take a stand, when thought needed, or wanted.

For these are also a notable aspect of youth, when seen through older eyes.

'Tis true, the ability to take orders, work well with others, and get along, this probably thought easiest to work with, or lead, for instance.

But, do thee see sparkle in eyes, eagerness, or hunger for knowledge in mind of younger?

Well, then also you know thee have much, to see of future, within such.

(Such is regarded differently, somehow.)

For, it is known how some tend to be leaders of others, come to places of responsibility.

Student council, Honor Role, Scouts, sports, all have different roles all within.

Especially this sense come in workplace, jobs, working with and under authority, and with others.

(For here, even lunch-break hold meaning.

For, to share meanings of morning gracefully, and not to shy away, this is thought well, or healthy.)

In life, you have quarterback, half-back, center, or say, willingness to participate, show ones skills, or simply have a good time.

Church, or class, grade, or interest sphere, even folk rock band... have leadership roles all within.

Point being, distances to be crossed are much.

Remember, older meanings for word God are often particular to adult world, the big boys realm, say the ways we work, or fit in within Mans big world.

(Here, too, of God: The All... Nature's Universe, be it lightening storm, April shower, the Cosmos, in their material graces, such simply are, as well.)

Different meanings for God, all.

But the way men find such, actually, to lay most practically, ordinarily, within standards of honesty, forbearance, ability

even to give of ourselves, the way we treat others, in general.

Peers, the hard meanings of society, say, work ethics.

In fact, 'how do we find the littlest among us?' Well, this how we find ourselves, in time.

This is, by way, Gods land, so youth be mindful, we need respect and honour those above, in general.

(For tis true, such as ye, or I, may have to cross back this way, or that, in time, so behooves one such as I, or ye, to leave nought but footprints of our passages. No ill will. This is thought best.)

So now I see, perhaps, three or four understandings of God.

Firstly, perhaps, standards of right and wrong, morals, or ethics, or say having a conscience... parental involvement.

Secondly, perhaps, knowing ones self,  
containing, perhaps, heroes, too to show  
our paths.

Man, in his kingdoms.

Peers, and social understandings... complex life, in general... tests and challenges, and perhaps, lastly, divine, be Christ, or Saint, Muhummed, or Buddha, and within these lands, in general, the Almighty, which some men hold much, and say so, do them have a mind or will to.

So this the best I have to give, this good day.

So I am well, now, and may rest, a while, to try again.

**Love**

The things and truths which so much

make us like one another are this:  
Eyes, hair color, skin, facial features,  
such as this.

To take one truth,  
and make it or her ones own,  
calls forth greatness from such a one.

So, then, love is what you make of it.

Having heart, have hands,  
craft, thee find door to success  
round about.

Know, then that truth lives without,  
within, and all thru.

Here, there, everywhere,  
all know God to be One.

One is love, life,  
truth, forgiveness, peace.

Time, being out there,  
as one would find, liveth in dreams only.  
Tis here and now, none other are found of  
it.

Future, plans and woven documents,  
fortell dreams of Future,  
Galactic lore and peace.

## **On Carbon, Water, Warmth and Simplicity**

This called life is like a journey. Start to  
fin. There and back again.

To get from here to there, well this is your  
style, basically.

How, then does one take a little, give back,

too, get over obstacles to understanding,  
and in time arrive at goal?

Fluidity, and grace are *this* writers answer.

And then, when, wanting to swift oneself along paths of understanding, one come around to such 'greater whole,' and sense place within and amongst, freely entertaining ones own vital engines and drives, in general, one alight, as it were, the updrafts and find higher yet, or still climatics, and shape forms, clouds and columns, which too bring rain, sun, snow, heat or cold. So then, one find strata of atmosphere, and beyond, inner space, outer, planets, solar spheres in general, and deep space.

And this deep, where emptyness... vast  
stillness... expansive unknown as yet  
stretches, this where probe and voyage  
begin.

So there you have space exploration, forays  
and enquires to bits beyond.

And what is bits? 1, 0, On, off, these how I  
describe bit, byte, log on, and memory.

See, thee then this: ones memory is relevant to System fluidity, or boundary, and such as Hard Disc veracity... knowing Mega-byte and Solar Spheres, one find, in time, balance between and amongst the greater themes... myth, religion,

Earth, love, peace, freedom, all. And this is how we *do then*, to

# grow... up... up... beyond the known.

And as for what's come afore, hereabouts, well, this is mete and mettle of all, as were. For the deep sense of things, inherent, come of experience, hardness, brought forth in climatics of dynamism... war, ritual, movement, and morph.

Dream to dream... sphere to sphere.

And of the outermost planets... well, for you, or I, such life as *we* just not find support. But in amongst the rocks and boulders, crevases, the underflows... there, maybe, once or twice, we find hope for carbon based biological waveform... such as this lichen, or moss, or deep buried microbial holdover, of the now, then, later, linger on.

So time goes... Boring, in general, but, still, in here, amongst vital spheres of activity, liveliness and free-dance, one do one self well, and *then*, oh, to look upon, such is good solid life skill in general.

So then, one may not find simple climbing vines and promises alone, but the clear

direct route afore face of God, unto arms of  
ones own true love, herself like the  
Cosmos.

## **Parallels and Juxtapositions**

Father Time. Mother Love. Planet Earth.  
This great Galaxy.

*These are the recurring themes of the  
Future.*

Knowing Time, one knows Love. Knowing  
Love, one may find the Earth. Feet planted  
firmly upon the ground, one may look...  
onto the sun, moon, and stars... and even

peer ahead in time.

For the mechanics of the Solar System are generally unchanging... with the precision of a timepiece do the spheres revolve.

~

Where is this place? To speak rather abstractly, isn't this Solar System here something akin to a complex logarithm deep-construed of its orientation within the great whirlpool, the Galaxy?

And more abstractly still, aren't the many languages of Earth, the races, anamalia, and plantlife all in a sense organic derivations of that 'deep pull,' the inter-relationships of space and time, sprung of, or spun from our individual relationships amongst the massive, deep center of all weightiness around which all revolve?

*Loom: Fibers into yarn or thread... yarn or thread into a fabric... fabric into... Tapestry.*

What does it mean to perceive a thing? Perhaps this itself is an exhibition of duality. In other words, question implies answer. Dark implies light. Up necessitates down. So to ask, then, is to receive. And, when, seen from afar as a

balance, such dual factid is exhibition of what?

As lands evolve, thru mythic subscapes,  
twins and partners are observed, which  
describe *what*?

Parallells... what is seen inherently describes that which is unseen... down, down, down, or one should say, 'up from the skies' arises semblances, and messages... of what? Reflections and permutations in Time... of *what*?

The Galaxies twin?

For by inherently looking inward, in depth, pushing, as it were, *out upon* the future... the pull... resisting the pull...as it were, sailing 'into the wind,' so does one firstly and finally... in minute fashion see naught but a mirror... ones own reflection... in eternally evolving permutation.

The Future come to splash upon one's immaculate expressive pallate... what is *the human consciousness.*'

*Resistance is futile... but necessary, and*

*mandatory.*

*Responses are usually instinctive...  
driven... fashioned... of parallels and  
juxtapositions rendered in immaculacy...  
throughout lucid mindfulness.*

So then, to go forward, as fully honest and lucid mirror to the hidden sub-reality, the *unseen*, one might be found to have moved ones self into closer harmony with ones twin... with ones perfect partner, in life, or death. Thee, and that, are mirror images of one another... period.

Zen: *Keep always one's mirror clean and clear.*

Knowing, too, then, that thee aren't alone, in journey of life, one feel comforted in togetherness... at best, unity.

So, then in the world of the arts, both, in a sense, are observers. Sifting thru illusions of mind, arising, arriving, in time, at state of active dance forms...

synchrony... you discover your Oneness.

Then, to reflect one artist, the world chooses the mirror, to reflect accurately, mirror reflects, accurately, mirror. And so on.

*Chains of command.*

So, then, success in world of arts show forth *artist community* as an accurate dynamic reflection of society as whole, even *while* such greater world grow, thru mindful permutation, up as representation of it's best... its brightest.

*A house of mirrors.*

And yes, such bright physical existances do, too, have dark sides. Habits, hang-ups, histories... None are without blemish, distortion, or uncertainty.

So, then, you have similitudes, and parallels... as well as opposites, diminishments, or physical distractions.

In a sense, would one be good, he himself will have evoked also his or her 'loyal ministers.'

*A thought:* Does ones life, perhaps describe the image of God, the human form?

Nicotine... Alcohol... Promiscuity... Uncleanliness... Disorder... these are the angularities of a life.

Schools, churches, organisations... friends and lovers... these are one's parallel spirit in the world... *one's co-relative support system.*

To take your best, your brightest, and

challenge them to achieve oneness, greatness, is to ask hard questions of world *inherently*.

What I do know, and may show, of artists... such as galleries... museums... showcases...

these are houses of light, and enlightenment, thru which others might know what has been seen, and is shown.

And what is a church steeple, if not the severest angularity of western architecture, for to uplift the holy cross?

And, after all, aren't the temple of the human spirit simply the human body? (And, too, what is Soul, if not Twin relater? And what are gene sequence, double helix, atom, then, but programs... evoking in time reunions. **Plans and Layouts of a life.**)

*Density of material form is a constant. Space is an infinite, ever-expanding outward showing forth.*

And finally, then, to live a life of wisdom, and tempering of the Spirit, is to know, without question, that actions have consequences, and that balanced existance

takes much discipline, patience and practice to find... In short, '*Interior clarity...*' in other words, '*...mindful of both inner, and outer landscapes, such is beautiful,' ...period.*

And when, 'enlightened and seeing far in all directions,' one find one's self astray, in any way, seeming to describe unfamiliars, and irrelevancies... or dwelling and working amongst conflicted themes, then couldn't it be said, too, that such as imbalance were imminent, or being shown forth, or revealed as 'somewhere out upon one's horizon?'

*For All are responsible for their actions... accurate accounting yeilds sound return.*

So, would one return, over time, to accurate divination, soothsaying, and prediction, best be sure present flexive realities are situated firmly, as it were, within supportive landscapes and layerings in general...

*relationships are always important.*

For to go forth, drawing water from a wicked pit, or poisoned well is to admit disaster, and heartache of the world.

(That is, indeed, if one draw also from one's own deep well, that of inherent self-critique and analysis.)

Know Thyself, lest thee forget thine Own,

and the known, and find one's self led into  
yet deeper night, and inky blackness.

This is the truest advice of the immortals,  
those who have departed, yet live on.

## **Peace, Patience, & Practice**

To be grounded in blessed silence... such  
yields bliss, peace, patience, practice...  
discipline.

Understanding how God shows forth Himself or Herself thru occurrences and happenings, as they come or are willed into being, one own sense of divine broadens, or expands... and these or those 'automatic responses' find descent below and beneath level of immediate appearances... below... below... the surface of the Ocean, to move gracefully along and amongst deep bottom currents. Such is life, tending toward peace, and stillness.

**Activity and energy but await those**

moments 'in between,' times when contemplation and evaluation of one's self and evolving life situations are more readily found, or ascertained.

To locate ones standing in the world of the arts... the arts of the mind... such starts small. Discernment of bliss... such as this, 'follow your bliss...' (the late Joseph Campbell), such leads to finding the keys and paths you yourself might alight the currents with.

Myself, knowing below, or deep to be material accomplishment which I am really proud of, tending toward, later height of gain, one finds, in time, high output from a deep source, or grasp of things.

So, just always wanting to slow down, to stop dancing wildly, madly, and begin slow, even rythyms and flows, which express in general a more timeless feel.

Today, such as this is a good door way into folk music scene, in general, or for the younger, perhaps ambient, or acoustic improvisation.

Keyboards, synthesizers, computers, home studios, such as these definitely lead creative minds along current paths.

For myself, anyway, early schooling in piano music notation and hand coordination, sight-reading, growing, in time towards committing pieces to memory, and later, jazzy improvisation... in time, I was able to start recording and critiquing my own playing. This was really key, for it let me bring my own distanced perceptions to bear upon myself, as it were, 'how would this really sound, if I heard it on the radio, or from an outsiders perspective.'

And then, for current upwaft, finding slow, abstract or 'space' music good entrance point for learning improv. licks and stylings, which I knew I could develop, in time to a real direction out of my youthful dreams, into fashionings which might serve as a gift, say for a birthday present, or Christmas.

So you see, such as discipline and patience, practice, finally doing that which you love most of all to do anyway, these are gifts you give, firstly unto yourself, and hopefully to others.

**Romance,  
Freedom,  
and the Arts**

So, what of the spirit of eros?

Would a life be real, he or she will contain diversity, on some level.

Would one be an artist, a philosopher, or poet, well, then, he or she likely find themselves thought 'romantic,' or 'pseudo-romantic,' in general tone or spirit.

Now, living a romantic, or 'individualistic' lifestyle comes with many practical perks and gains. Surely the least benefit of the romance spirit in a world of sharp definitions would have to be the feelings, the feeling of being somehow 'different' from the rest, 'alternative' in lifestyle, or more free in terms of expressions and interactions.

Well, then, I guess, what does it mean to be 'free?'

Surely, this begins with being gifted a life in America, or other democratic land.

Being gifted of heredity, mind you, is an altogether different prospect.

Well, the meanings contained within the

'gifted' child, or young adult, or even life in the world of adult interactions are immense.

To be gifted... this is a divine gift of the utmost value.

And what, then, does this mean, or imply?

One is gifted with a mind for facts.

One is gifted with a penchant for reading.  
(Reading has been shown, too, to raise I.Q.)

One is most certainly gifted when born into a strong, well defined family with a good history.

One is always gifted manifestly by having loving caring family and friends throughout life. Formative years are

critical.

One might be 'gifted' of an early release from debtors prison, and the sense of new beginning this would bring.

One might be gifted of being an cancer survivor, and greater enthuse in general.

*But of freedom...* all is gift, here. Having the status quo, in todays world, surely indicates freedom of speech, and worship, and hopefully, a representative government.

The romantic life... gifted, as it is to free and bound alike, is held up as being general terrain of youthful spirit, of change, upheaval, at times, new beginnings always.

Were it not for a lands artist-dreamers, at the very least there would be none of the precious lubricating flow which unbinds our collective psyches with generally motile rivulets of motion and activity.

Crucial, always, are these walls which separate people. It therefore follows that diversion, entertainment, and enrichment, these 'leisure entertainers,' are, in a sense, social 'activators,' our battery re-chargers.

Take a static situation, a driven landscape of any portion of laze, haze, or uncertainty, and throw the youth and vitality the sheer energy of a modern artist, or writer in amongst, and what do you have? You have, basically, new life. The given system, as it were before, begins to glow, to dance, to oscillate with vitality. These, one and all, are 'artists' in the world, the spirit about them.

## So what, then, of eros?

Well, eros is thus: The length of a womans body, her shape and physical form. Her face. Her soul, and spirit, her vitality and liveliness.

Her hands, her armpits, her chin, her feet... all may at times be eros to a man.

Legs are shaped along divine forms, the upward flow, annunciated and articulated then into fingertips, and the greater flower... the human face.

Knowing a woman with both heart and mind... what depth one sees.

Being both a giver, and taker, receiver and gift, hers is pleasure inherent. Hers is what one may refer to as 'sexy-in-ecstacy...' the life force, the hidden vitality.

And what of hidden treasure? Men call such god, at times, hope at others, release in general... and within definite terms, procreation.

Knowing, too, how romance and liveliness in world is component from afore all time, women, too, become always caretakers, and caregivers of males with whom they entertain. Period.

Living here, or there, where women and men dwell amongst, is vitality in action. Knowing how life is redeemed from emotionalism by a womans hands, and physical affection, men alway see such as lucid mind-shapers, capable of devolving the most fierce passion, into sleep, or new growth, or change.

Renewal, too is her gift.

For by touching base with her most

sobrietous of complaints, and forays into the unknown, men always are given many, and many insights into their own 'hidden natures.'

### A womans perspective:

'Upon watching your own child, freely and accurately entertaining his or her own self, even amidst activity all about, one feels, often joy, often sadness. For even children get older, and wiser, and always are parents there to lend a hand up from a bind.

'Knowing the vast distances to be crossed, the struggles and tribulations of life, as may be, parents find often satisfaction in ensuring the 'early years' are the best.

'For by nurturing and cherishing the youth, the old, too are benefitted. This is the gift of art, literature, poem, music, song... all beauty. Seeming to be peace, from afar, distant, *young and old alike* recollect times of present thru their youthful spirits, who seem, too, to live, forever unchanged, across all time.'

And it, too, is upon such broad sweeping  
pallate that the youthful artist paints...  
seeking for 'timelessness,' for equal benefit,  
whatever the day or the hour of night.

## **Simple Things**

Now, the Earth, the cool Earth.

Sitting upon the ground, studying the  
heavens.

Watching the stars wheel... the moon arc.

Trees and grasses cover the Earth,  
green vegetation sprung of seed, water, and  
soil.

A wolf speaks in the distance, and maybe,  
an owl will hoot.

Arising, in time, and returning to house,  
with clear mind, and body,  
free from ongoing, and worry.

What makes the natural world so  
beautiful?

Perhaps it is the open space,  
the empty air, the vast sky.

The mind seems always to expand,  
somehow,  
upon stepping out of doors.

Think I'll put on a pot of coffee later,  
and get some writing, or reading done.

Surely, to bring a larger perspective  
to the keyboard

yeilds rewards.

Looking upon the past  
is like studying a book.

Events and happenings  
spool afore the eyes,  
like paragraphs, words upon the page.

Know, now that time is immense.

To know how to treat one another,  
this is sweet reward,  
for such yeilds companionship,  
togetherness,  
and peace.

Oneness, and unity is sprung  
not so much from singularity,  
as it is knowing how to treat ones brother,  
or sister,  
inherently.

This helps keep families strong.

Good upbringing  
surely tells me much that I need to know,  
but often, I find myself watching others,  
learning from their actions and  
interactions.

Let one hope, that the actions of others  
do not set poor examples,  
for a youth, or child,  
and that such adhere to the right,  
and the true.

Morning, this is always much.

To find all that one needs  
in the simple gifts  
one gives oneself,  
to start the day,  
this is a good thing,

inherently.

Peace is where you find it.

Freedom is the greatest gift  
any man or woman  
could ever hope to enjoy.

So mind time,  
be true,  
enjoy life, and freedom,  
and never forget  
ones own, and the known.

Take the time to enjoy  
the great outdoors,  
see what it can show you.

Go to a mountain top,  
survey the land below.

And when you have had your fill,

take leave, and return home.

You'll be better off for it.

## **Sky**

Well, Sky.  
What meanings  
word contains!

To you, or I, perhaps,  
that which filters thru branches,  
or comes from above.

Earth... is Real, as well.  
Perhaps, more so.

For to know God,

thereby is to know Christ.

Buddha, on the other hand,  
him is God as well.

Now, Love, Oh, all is rich,  
pleasure,  
earthly delight.

Heaven scent,  
love crosses all borders,  
without regard  
for hatred or suspicion.

Oh, me, oh my,  
when I consider  
the Sky, with its wonders.

Now lovers,  
we all know One.

One in Every one of Us.

Not any are neglected.

Simple as pie, really.

No need to fret, nor ponder  
over vague, abstract constructs  
of older people.

One, finally, firstly,  
too, is Sky.

And what Sky hold,  
such is peace.

Now, to know God,  
this is good, may be small,  
or little.

Nowhere is it ever seen  
the meanings  
for the word Maker.

Such is Creator, yes,  
but do we know our fashioner?

Our stylist?

Our Source pool?

Impossible.

Indeed.

So, Men, hold true first to your Heart.

Such Is, will always be.

May my words be found acceptable  
to the eyes of the Lord.

# **Spirit, & Soul**

Know, now,  
what is meant by time.

Moments... years.

Flow, not of an ethereal intangible,  
as men could really perceive, no,  
but the hands upon a clock,  
and putting one's head, in time,  
upon a pillow.

This is Time.

Empty space is quite positively hollow.

No other understanding need be found.

Mind, Spirit, these come with the turf,  
here.

Now, what of Mind?

Is an intangible?

An unknowable?

What is?

When you're in it, you know.

(In here)

Below?  
Above?  
Where?

Lets see...  
How about,  
address the Spirit,

and see.

Feel, ye, in time, the soul...  
the Great Soul,  
immaculate, expansive, *deep*.

Trancy. In other words,  
to be in, is to be *out*.

*So, perhaps, beyond, or outside,  
somehow above the Earth,  
Another Realm,  
A Kingdom for you,  
A Mystery.*

*Peace, Love, Joy, such is Real.*

*Real is Mind, as well.*

Perhaps.... quantum consciousness?  
Maybe?

Don't know really.

Oh, to partake, and know.

(In Time)

## **The Land of Immortals**

Time itself tells no secrets,  
yet from within the mind  
of any accurate artist  
may emerge genuine truths.

Where do all of these visions flow from?

Perhaps God.

Perhaps Man.

Now where, then,  
do dreams flow from,  
in general?

Perhaps a land far away,  
the future  
or the past.

And of love?

Well, love is what  
you make of it.  
Period.

And, then, when wanting  
to swift oneself along paths  
of understanding,  
surely, it could be said  
that any one of us  
should just look within.

Period.

There is no greater truth  
that can be found.

Look to the deepest physical  
part of your being,  
and address the void.

'How do I feel,  
right now?'

'Is that right?'

And where, then,  
do I derive  
my understanding?

From within,  
the immaculate  
land of immortals.

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# Inner Truth

## 1997

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May you be  
where towering energies soar,  
weaving strands of thought  
through the lively,  
singing,  
ringing spaces.

## RENEWAL

My thoughts, though born within shadows,  
possess an inner light  
that reaches beyond the world I know.

Joy will spring  
from newly fashioned love, new *life*,  
and then I'll notice little distress, or  
longing,  
inherent of my present reality.

An infinite variety of worlds  
I find, now, within the clarity  
of thought, true and simple.

Volumes of *suchness* enliven  
all beautiful expressions of love,  
accompanying me through my world,  
and on into the future unknown.

~

When understanding,  
which is, to me, the direct result  
of struggle and perseverance,  
lives within it's own deepest obscurity,  
then a real, lasting devotion,  
and peace of mind...  
will flow from that present sense of  
certainty and completion,  
now and for all time, a new beginning,  
for all to see.

# LIFE

Noting anything separate  
in the field of life,  
subtleties of recognition form...  
antiquated pastimes, games.

*Intransive expanses of unified  
expression...*

*Thoughtless voids...*

*Connectedness with others...*

*Life exposed for all to see.*

Certain to lose are the forces within,  
without,  
noticeably different,  
maintaining irregularity.

~

In noting these things, and others,  
(how we, too, live amidst the whirlwinds,)

we also perceive that,

*"...seeping beneath  
the doors of the mind  
come the whispered phantom thoughts,  
generational exceptions  
to any rule...  
the form,  
the flow,  
of life within, without exception."*

## IRONY

Time and again  
I feel,  
I know,  
I too, see.

You can be anywhere between  
here and there,  
only to find yourself forgotten  
amid the whirlwinds of life.

## COLORS

*Through life we find:*

a rich bounty of diversity...  
enduring relevance...  
such a wide variety of love expressions.  
Every one of us,  
rewarding the other, in time,  
are from east to west  
sent spiraling everywhere.

More than this,  
we all live, in love,  
it's own reward,  
and finding harmony, perseverance,  
and triumph,  
openly participate in free expression-  
liberty within, and throughout.

## EFFORT

How truly righteous you are.  
For, simply to *try*  
is to move within a world  
that demands perfection.

*I think that there can be  
only action, or inaction.*

Any action has meaning,  
and must be seen  
as an expression of it's source.

And in life,  
all that one really *has*  
is one's self, so then  
how, at any time, could there be  
justification for  
'half-hearted' expressions?  
Can one even *do* but his or her best?

## SECURITY

I tell you,  
there is no longer  
any reason to fear,  
for you are securely placed, now,

in the flow of time.  
Your actions must be regarded  
as your own creations,  
for you know well  
those powers that would seek  
to distract you.  
Your mind is free, to be, to live,  
forever.

~

*But I live for you, now, my friend.*  
you are like me in every way,  
your dreams compatible with mine.  
We flow continually;  
apart, together,  
this time we share  
will never disappear.  
All love to you,  
as friends we are.

## ON LIFE

These ideas are how  
we navigate life.

In knowing that *actions*  
*have certain consequences*,  
and that there are  
an *infinite array of paths* to take  
from any given point,  
so we learn to think properly.  
For, one day, these thoughts  
will be all we'll have,  
and may actually form  
the literal reality  
in which we live.

# LOST

Canyons of the mind,  
dust of the spirit,  
forgotten, somehow,  
amid the whirlwinds of life.

Now, a resourcefulness  
tempered by life itself,  
yet without the persistance,  
perhaps, to finally make  
some useful connection.

## RIGHT CAUSE

*Lovers unite!  
For *they* see, now,  
what *we* have already seen.*

It would seem, my friends, that  
any word of comfort  
comes with it's own  
resplendent energies.  
And consoling you now,  
I suggest that this fight is nothing,  
if not seen as a real evolution  
of our own directed, unified ideas,  
the progression of which  
confirms within us all  
a love of liberty,  
of friendly competition,  
and of the knowing justice  
we have found  
here in the Motherland.

## PATIENCE

Supreme dichotomy,  
self-directing effacements,  
revolving, spiraling overtures,  
separate only by a little distance...  
how much does one need?

Only pre-supposed in times of need,  
helping others, coming clean...

*these things take time.*

Help-mates are not in the world  
so much to direct, or control,  
but to facilitate the actions  
of a fortunate few.

Troublesome resourcefulness of a kind,  
of a sort,

not without it's own reward.

## REPORTER

Like a problem  
is this way we live.  
Over and over again  
we repeat ourselves.

I, like you,  
know little of this,  
only what I myself can see,  
with the practiced,  
alert eye of a reporter, it seems,  
leaving nothing to chance.

# THE WELL

## I.

I, too, held dearly  
the progressions,  
the changes of mode...  
and the discoveries.  
A streamlining of self,  
a flow,  
forming,  
changing,  
morphing into... who knows?

A man,  
transforming at will the relationships  
inherent of the moment.

Living, loving,  
all over and over,  
with much to lose,  
much to *gain*,

and so slowly.

## II.

So with time our partner we went,  
our garments stretched over lithe bodies,  
our hearts joined in awareness.  
"This is slow," I thought to myself,  
as I must do occasionally.  
"Where will I go when this is over?"  
"Where will I be for life?"  
Lore dictated I remain at all costs,  
loving only divine,  
but plunging into a *well* of interpolations,  
and without guidance, guidance.

### III.

Nowhere is it said of me  
that I tried less or more.

I but respond,  
as a moth to a warm, sullen light.

Some day, without perfection,  
anybody can guess the direction we'll flow,  
without limits.

This life, this endeavor, lends itself  
to a real discussion of *multiplicity*.

I shall pray for you now,  
in all strength and earnestness,  
that much knowledge of life be formed  
within,  
and that your chapters of expression  
be as thought... pure as light.

# REALITY

What is control?

Not what one may think, I think.

Assuming nothing,  
forgiving all,

these are the means  
to a relative meaningfulness...

not control.

Don't hypothosise about  
the days you've spent wondering,  
for time takes no prisoners...

*itself it gives.*

It is something other  
than anything else I might think.

Worlds colliding,  
reinventing themselves  
in eternity.

*The power to feel,  
to be,  
to see,  
to love.*

## SONGS

Sometimes, the hours of the day  
stretch out forever.  
Yet, as parted lovers  
touch one another's hearts from afar,  
so only a small distance separates me now  
from my own loves innermost desire.

~

With all of the complexities,  
and the shared hopes, of a lifetime,  
yours is a kind of light  
within it's own sacred meanings.

~

Forgetting each others bodies,  
and all time, we drift,  
as one soul.

*May our togetherness tonight  
be as a deep solitude.*

## PERCEPTIONS

You can't see me yet,  
but tomorrow, I'll arise, *like a dove,*

to form a lighter, lovier expression  
that you *will* see.

You still know me not;  
your eyes can't perceive how near, or far...  
I may be.

Now I see you,  
glowing deeply,  
and finding, somehow,  
a rough understanding of my persona,  
in spite of my reluctancies,  
and my limitations, presented here, within,  
for you to plainly see.

True perceptions  
I lay before you, now,  
perceptions that you must try to  
hold on to, somehow,  
and then, as they form gradually in your  
hand,  
that must be eaten, slowly and completely,  
to fully release their separate meanings

and lovely hearts of color.

Everyone hears this from me, now;  
all may recite this incantation from the  
heart  
to proffer up their affections for the one  
within.

*How many days, or hours, or minutes,  
go by each year?*

*For me, only one, you yourself being that.*

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